HANOVER, APRIL 19, 1804.

FOR THE TABLET.

(Continued from our laſt.)

A DREAM.

An airy phantom, hov'ring o'er my head,
Deludes with dreams, and acts in reaſon's ſtead.

HAVING turned my eyes from a ſcene, where ſenſual pleaſures, and their conſequent miſeries were more ſtrongly pencilled, than I had ever before ſeen, I was ſenſible of impreſſions, to which, till now, I had been a ſtranger. Loſt in contemplation, and feelingly alive to the imperfections of humanity, I was ſurpriſed by a proſpect, which, though leſs brilliantly decorated, than that, which I had before ſeen, was productive of a more dignified and rational delight. Here were no ſenſual pleaſures, nothing to enflame the paſſions; but all was calm and ſerene as the ocean, reflecting the beams of the morning ſun, when unruffled by a ſingle breath of air playing upon its waters. The inhabitants of this place formed a group too dignified and awful to admit of deſcription. The dignity of virtue, ſo conſpicuous on their countenances, though forbidding to the vicious and profane, was but a juſt index of that ſerenity of mind, that purity of ſoul, which conſtitutes the bliſs of its poſſeſſors. I was made to underſtand, that this was the place appointed for thoſe, who had reſiſted the temptations of a vicious world, and triumphed over all their untoward inclinations; who, diſdaining the meaner motives of ſelfiſhneſs and ambition, had been actuated by univerſal benevolence, in promoting the happineſs of the human family. To theſe happy regions, no tyrant ſoul was admitted, who had trampled on the laws of nature, and made the deſtruction of mortals the foundation of his greatneſs. Here virtue alone was emulated. All were united in purſuing the ſame object. Nothing was found among them, to diſturb their bliſs, which ſeemed to flow without interruption,

"And flowing ſtill, ſhall never ceaſe to flow."

In the midſt of theſe contemplations, I was interrupted by muſic, ſuch as could proceed only from the lips of immortals, and heard diſtinctly the following lines.

"Hail ſource of bliſs, and never-ending joy
Juſt if thou ſave, ſtill juſt if thou deſtroy!
Upholden by thy power, ſecure we ſtand,
And quaff immortal joys, at thy right hand."

I was now made to underſtand, that as the former of the two ſcenes, which had been made to paſs before me, was emblematical of thoſe tranſitory pleaſures, which ariſe from ſelfiſhneſs and ambition; ſo the latter was emblematical of that laſting happineſs, ariſing from an unaſpiring temper, and a mind, conſcious of its own virtue. The being, who ſtood by me, was ſtill proceeding, but the impreſſions of this laſt ſcene would no longer permit me to ſleep.

SOMNICULUS.

FOR THE TABLET.

OBSERVATOR.—N°. II.

"These poliſh'd arts have humaniz'd mankind,
Soften'd the rude, and calm'd the boiſt'rous mind."

VARIOUS have been the methods which individuals have employed to inſtruct mankind. The exertions of ages have been inceſſant and unwearied to open to the human mind the true ſources of ſcience and refinement. In the various branches of inſtruction the exerciſe of means has not been wanting to the diſcovery of truth, and elucidation of abſtruſe and hidden doctrines.

The ſciences of morality and religion have given ſcope to many important ſpeculations, which have exerciſed the greateſt geniuſes of both ancient and modern times. Their importance has attracted the univerſal attention of mankind. "The penetration of genius," obſerves a learned writer, "the enchantment of eloquence, and the creative energy of fancy, have ſucceſſively lent their aid to thoſe gentle guides of human life, thoſe condeſcending miniſters to human comfort." Such has been the attention which theſe important ſubjects have claimed. The philoſopher and poet, the ſtateſman and orator have alſo each, in their reſpective ſpheres, laboured to exalt the human mind towards godlike perfection. Hiſtory likewiſe has received its merited attention. The hiſtoric page has been unfolded, and paſt achievements painted to our view by the ableſt pens.

The advantages ariſing from the ſtudy of hiſtory are numerous. Its object is *impartially to repreſent men and things as they really are.* Their vices and imperfections are ſtated without fear or reſerve, and their virtues receive their merited encomiums. In the portrait of the vicious we ſee the deſtructive engines of all morality, of the peace and happineſs of civil ſociety, while, on the other hand, national proſperity is founded on the wiſe exertions of the virtuouſly brave. Hence we derive a forcible ſtimulus to practiſe virtue and benevolence. In peruſing the characters of the former we cannot reſtrain a riſing indignation, while with the latter, in imagination, we entertain a pleaſing converſe. "In contemplating theſe," ſays a hiſtorian, "we ſeem to expatiate in a vaſt gallery of family pictures, and take delight in obſerving and comparing the various features of the extenſive kindred as they reſemble or differ from each other; and through the phyſiognomy piercing into the heart we find them though dead yet ſpeaking and pleaſing companions."

For the TABLET.

THE RUSTIC.

ON the banks of the St. Lawrence, ſequeſtered from legalized corruptions, reſides a pure child of nature. Except an excurſion to the New-England States in the year 179–, his hunting ground is the boundary which he never paſſes.—Nature is his God and mankind his brethren. His heart is unpolluted by the vagaries of civilized reformers, and except a contempt of the importance of ſociety, his mind is diveſted of much native rudeneſs.

He had been told of the happineſs reſulting from the ſocial compact. When informed of the purity of New-England manners he ſighed to enjoy them; and anxious to behold and participate in the happineſs of a civilized people, he relinquiſhed the chaſe and all the appendages of ſavage greatneſs to be admitted to the enjoyment of ſocial happineſs. After reſiding a ſhort time in the ſtates he returned diſaffected to his tawny brethren, and no longer ſolicits to partake of the pleaſures of ſociety. This was partly occaſioned by early acquired habits of miſanthropy, and is to be aſcribed partly to his not finding ſociety ſo perfect as had been repreſented.—The following are ſome of his remarks—and, although not couched in his language, contain harſh and unwelcome truths.

'I imagined,' ſays he, 'that in a country where revealed religion was the ſtandard of human actions, men would conduct with that dignified manhood and nobleneſs of ſoul, unpractiſed by the untutored Canadian. What was my ſurprize then, to find that deceit and many of the vices incident to ſavage ignorance, practiſed to their full extent. I was told that ſexual diſtinctions were remarkably conſpicuous. But the fact was otherwiſe. In the country, where the inhabitants were ſequeſtered from the courtly manners of a metropolis, I found a promiſcuous and uncouth intercourſe a prominent characteriſtic; and many refinements of the towns, when analized, were equally indelicate.' Our ſavage obſerver here particularized, but his remarks are too minute to be noticed, and too true to be mentioned with decency.

He continues, 'when I entered the conſecrated ſanctuary of their God, it ſeemed reaſonable that a holy reverence, a devout and unaffected attention would characterize their conduct. But it was otherwiſe. A major part appeared to viſit the church to be ſeen, others to gaze, and a ſmall number for the purpoſe of devotion. In this holy place, conſecrated to the worſhip of a ſupreme God, whom their bible repreſents to be no trifler, in the preſence of the 'Father of All,' and oſtenſibly collected to worſhip and adore him, many were

occupied in trivial amuſements, others partook largely of

'The weary world's beſt med'cine, ſleep!'

and the object of worſhip was regarded only by a few.'

This peculiarly diſguſted our ſavage moralizer. He unjuſtly aſſerted 'that a diſſembling hypocriſy, unknown to his tawny brethren, was peculiar to New-England,' and in a ſtrain of invective laſhed many of our faſhions and practices, which are ſanctioned by precedents of the higheſt and moſt public nature.

But had our Canadian here eſtimated the ſterling pleaſures of ſociety, in competition with, and more than ſufficient to counterbalance the errors of individuals, he would have formed pleaſing ideas of a ſocial life. He would have found that ſociety was the baſis of human happineſs. The refinement of the ſocial affections, the exquiſite happineſs reſulting from their exerciſe, and all the numerous addenda of pleaſures which ſociety affords, compoſed of ſcience, commerce, agriculture and ſocial intercourſe, loudly announce the utility of a general union.—And although local corruptions may ariſe and for a time appear threatening, it is from mental improvements and a reciprocation of favors that our happineſs is originated.

'With thee, ſerene philoſophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my ſong!
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
Without thee what were unenlighten'd man!
A ſavage roaming thro' the woods and wilds
In queſt of prey, and with the unfaſhion'd fur
Rough clad, devoid of ev'ry art,
And elegance of life.'

LIFE OF MASSILLON.

[CONTINUED.]

MASSILLON reaped another advantage from that heart-affecting eloquence, which he made ſo happy an uſe of. As he ſpoke the language of all conditions, becauſe he ſpoke to the heart, all deſcriptions of men flocked to his Sermons; even unbelievers were eager to hear him; they often found inſtruction when they expected only amuſement, and returned ſometimes converted when they thought they were only beſtowing or withholding their praiſe. Maſſillon could deſcend to the language which alone they would liſten to, that of a philoſophy apparently human, but which, finding every avenue to the heart laid open, allowed the orator to approach without effort and aſſiſtance; and made him conqueror even before he had engaged.

His action perfectly correſponded with the kind of eloquence he had cultivated.—The moment he entered the pulpit, he ſeemed deeply impreſſed with the great truths he was about to declare; with eyes caſt down, a modeſt and collected air, without any violent motions, with few or no geſtures, but animating all by an affecting and impreſſive voice, he communicated to his hearers the religious ſentiment which his external appearance announced; he commanded that profound ſilence, which is a higher compliment to eloquence than the moſt tumultuous plaudits. He appeared on that great and dangerous theatre, equally devoid of pride as of fear; his firſt attempt was uncommonly brilliant, and the exordium of his firſt diſcourſe is one of the maſterpieces of modern eloquence. Lewis the Fourteenth was then in the zenith of his power and glory: he had been victorious in every part of Europe; he was adored by his ſubjects, intoxicated with fame, and ſurfeited with adulation. Maſſillon choſe for his text that paſſage of Scripture which ſeemed the leaſt adapted to ſuch a prince, "Bleſſed are they who weep;" and from that text he conveyed a compliment the more new, and artful, and flattering, as it appeared to be dictated by the goſpel itſelf, and ſuch as an Apoſtle might have paid. "Sire," ſaid he, addreſſing the King, "if the world were to ſpeak to your Majeſty from this place, it would not ſay, Bleſſed are they who weep. Happy, would it ſay, that Prince who has never fought but to conquer; who hath filled the univerſe with his fame; who, in the courſe of a long and proſperous reign, has enjoyed all that men admire, the ſplendour of conqueſt, the love of his people, the eſteem of his enemies, the wiſdom of his laws. But, Sire, the goſpel does not ſpeak the language of the world." The audience of Verſailles, accuſtomed as it was to Bourdalons and Boſſuets, had never witneſſed an eloquence at once ſo delicate and noble; and, accordingly, it excited in the congregation an involuntary movement of admiration.

Our orator was always firm, but always reſpectful, while he announced to his ſovereign the will of Him who is the Judge of kings; he fulfilled the duty of the miniſtry, but he never exceeded it; and the Monarch, who, perhaps, retired from his chapel diſſatisfied with ſome other preachers, never left the ſermons of Maſſillon without being diſſatisfied with himſelf.—This the Prince was honeſt enough to confeſs to Maſſillon; the greateſt compliment he could pay him, but a compliment which many others before and after Maſſillon never wiſhed to obtain, being more anxious to ſend away a hearer enraptured, than a ſinner converted.

Lewis the Fourteenth died; and the Regent who honoured the talents of Maſſillon, and deſpiſed his enemies, named him to the biſhopric of Clermont; he wanted, moreover, that the court ſhould hear him once more, and engaged him to preach ſome Lent ſermons before the King, then of the age of nine years.

Theſe ſermons, compoſed in leſs than three months, are known by the name of *Petit Carime*. Though they are not in the higheſt degree finiſhed, they are a true model of pulpit eloquence. The great ſermons of the ſame author may poſſeſs more pathos and vehemence; but the eloquence of theſe is more inſinuating and delicate, and the charm reſulting from them is enhanced by the importance of the ſubject, by the ineſtimable value of thoſe ſimple affecting leſſons which being fitted to penetrate, as agreeably as forcibly, the heart of the young Monarch, ſeem calculated to procure the happineſs of millions, by acquainting the Prince with what was expected of him.

The ſame year in which theſe diſcourſes were pronounced, Maſſillon was admitted into the French academy. Maſſillon had juſt been made a biſhop; but no place at Court, no buſineſs, no pretence of any kind, could detain him at a diſtance from his flock. He departed for Clermont, whence he never returned, but on account of indiſpenſible occaſions, and conſequently very rarely. He gave all his attention to the happy people whom providence had confided to his care. He benevolently dedicated to the inſtruction of the poor, thoſe ſame talents, ſo much eſteemed by the great of this world, and preferred to the loud applauſes of the courtier, the ſimple and earneſt attention of an auditory, leſs brilliant, but more teachable. Perhaps the moſt eloquent of his ſermons are the conferences he held with his curates. He preached to them the virtues of which he ſet an example, diſintereſtedneſs, ſimplicity, forgetfulneſs of himſelf, the active and prudent earneſtneſs of an enlightened conviction, very different from that fanaticiſm which proves nothing but the blindneſs of zeal, and which makes the ſincerity of it very doubtful. A wiſe moderation was indeed his predominant character.

Deeply impreſſed with a ſenſe of the true duties of his ſtation, Maſſillon fulfilled the principal function of a biſhop, that which attracts love and reſpect from incredulity itſelf, the delightful exerciſe of humanity and benevolence. He ſent, in the ſpace of two years, twenty thouſand livres to the hotel Dieu at Clermont. His whole revenue was at the ſervice of the poor. His dioceſe retain the remembrance of his benefits, now after thirty years, and his memory is ſtill honoured by the moſt eloquent of all funeral orations, the tears of an hundred thouſand people whom his bounty made happy.

This funeral oration he enjoyed in his life time. Whenever he appeared in the ſtreets of Clermont the people proſtrated themſelves before him, calling him father, and invoking bleſſings on his head. Among the immenſe alms which he beſtowed, there were ſome acts of charity which he carefully concealed, not only to ſpare the delicacy of unhappy individuals, who received them, but to relieve whole communities from feelings of inquietude, and the fears which ſuch alms might inſpire them with.

Not only was he liberal of his fortune to the indigent, but he employed for them befides, with as much zeal as fuccefs, both his intereft and his pen. Being a witnefs, in his diocefian vifitations, of the mifery under which the inhabitants of the country groaned, and his revenue not being fufficient to give bread to fuch a multitude of indigent creatures, that implored it of him, he wrote to the Court in their favour, and, by the energetic and affecting picture which he drew of their neceffities, he obtained either actual contributions for them, or a conſiderable abatement of their taxes. I am aſſured that his letters on this ſubject are maſter-pieces of eloquence and pathos, ſuperior even to the moſt affecting of his ſermons; and what emotions, indeed, muſt not the ſpectacle of human nature, ſuffering and oppreſſed, have excited in the virtuous and compaſſionate ſoul of Maſſillon!

He died as Fenelon died, and as every biſhop ought, without wealth, and without debt. It was on the 28th September, 1742, that the church and eloquence, and humanity ſuffered the irreparable loſs.

A circumſtance which happened not long ago, calculated to affect every heart of ſenſibility, proves how dear the memory of Maſſillon is, not only to the poor whoſe tears he wiped away, but to all who knew him. Some years ago, a traveller paſſing through Clermont wiſhed to ſee the country-houſe in which the prelate uſed to ſpend the greateſt part of the year, and he applied to an old vicar, who, ſince the death of the biſhop, had never ventured to return to that country-houſe, where he who inhabited was no longer to be found. He conſented, however, to gratify the deſire of the traveller, notwithſtanding the profound grief he expected to ſuffer, in reviſiting a place ſo dear to his remembrance. They accordingly ſet out together, and the vicar pointed out every particular place to the ſtranger. "There," ſaid he, with tears in his eyes, "is the alley in which the prelate uſed to walk with us—there is the arbor in which he uſed to ſit and read—this is the garden he took pleaſure in cultivating with his own hands." Then they entered the houſe, and when they came to the room where Maſſillon died, "this," ſaid the vicar, "is the place where we loſt him:" And as he pronounced theſe words, he fainted. The aſhes of Titus, or of Marcus Aurelius, might have envied ſuch a tribute of regard and affection.

THE FARMER's PROSPECTS.

AGRICULTURE is the great art of all arts; it is that which ſupports, invigorates, and renders uſeful all other arts; and on this ground, the Farmer, with peculiar emphaſis, may be ſtiled *Lord of the lower creation.* The fields and meadows, with all their rich and beautiful productions, are his; and he is the ſole poſſeſſor of the groves and foreſts. The cattle upon a thouſand hills are his, and the birds of heaven feed at the table ſpread by him.

But what renders the farmer peculiarly reſpectable and important, is, that every other claſs of men, from the throne to the cottage, depend, for the ſtaff of life, upon the grand, ennobling, and heaven-born art of cultivating the earth. What a field of delight, for ornament, and for uſefulneſs, has the farmer!

Delightful taſk! to rear the tender plant,
And ſee the ſpringing blade begin to ſhoot.

Speaking of the moral, as well as political advantages enjoyed by the induſtrious, happy huſbandman, how beautiful is the language of the elegant *St. Pierre!*—"The culture of grain diſcloſes to him many agreeable concerts with his fleeting exiſtence. The direction of its ſhadow informs him of the hour of the day: from its progreſſive growth he learns the rapid flight of the ſeaſons. He reckons on the flux of his own fugitive years, by the ſucceſſions of the guiltleſs harveſts he has reaped. He is haunted with no apprehenſions, like the inhabitants of great cities, of conjugal infidelity, or of a too numerous poſterity. His labours are always ſurpaſſed by the benefits of nature.—When the ſun gets to the ſign of Virgo, he ſummons his kindred, he invites his neighbors, and marches at their head, by the dawning of the day, with ſickle in hand, to the ripened field. His heart exults with joy as he binds up the ſwelling ſheaves, while his children dance around them, crowned with garlands of blue-bottles and wild poppies. The harmleſs play recalls to his memory the amuſements of his own early days, and of his virtuous anceſtors, whom he hopes, at length, to rejoin in a better world. The ſight of his copious harveſt demonſtrates to him that there is a God; and every return of that joyous ſeaſon, brings to his recollection the delicious æras of his paſt exiſtence, inſpires him with gratitude to the Great Being, who has united the tranſient ſociety of man by an eternal chain of bleſſings.

"Ye flowery meadows! ye majeſtic, murmuring foreſts! ye moſſy fountains! ye deſert rocks, frequented by the dove alone! ye enchanting ſolitudes, which charm by your ineffable concerts! happy is the man who ſhall be permitted to unveil your hidden beauties; but ſtill happier is he who ſhall have it in his power calmly to enjoy them in the inheritance of his forefathers!"

THE want of employment is one of the frequent cauſes of vice; but he who loves a book will never want employment.—The purſuits of learning are boundleſs, and they preſent to the mind a delightful variety which cannot be exhauſted. No life is long enough to ſee all the beautiful pictures which the arts and ſciences, or which hiſtory, poetry, and eloquence are able to diſplay. The man of letters poſſeſſes the power of calling up a ſucceſſion of ſcenes to his view infinitely numerous and diverſified. He is therefore ſecured from that unhappy ſtate which urges many to vice and diſſipation, merely to fill a painful vacuity. Even though his purſuits ſhould be trifling, and his diſcoveries unimportant, yet they are harmleſs to others, and uſeful to himſelf, as preſervatives of his innocence. Let him not be ridiculed or condemned, even though he ſhould ſpend his time in collecting and deſcribing moths, moſſes, ſhells, birds, weeds or coins; for he who loves theſe things ſeldom ſets his affections on pelf, or any of thoſe objects which corrupt and divide human ſociety. He who finds his pleaſure in a muſeum or a library, will not often be ſeen in the tavern, in the brothel, or at the gaming-table. He is pleaſed if he poſſeſſes a non-deſcript foſſil, and envies not the wretched enjoyments of the intemperate, nor the ill-gotten wealth of the oppreſſor or extortioner. KNOX.

THE deplorable ſituation in which Europe was involved during the dark ages, appears ſtrikingly evident from their adminiſtration of juriſprudence, many examples of which have been handed down to the preſent day. The following, which we extract from Robertſon's CHARLES V. is a ſpecimen worthy of notice.

"In the year 775 a conteſt aroſe between the biſhop of Paris and the abbot of St. Deny's, concerning the property of a ſmall abbey. Each of theſe exhibited deeds and records in order to prove the right to be in them. Inſtead of trying the authority, or conſidering the import of theſe, [illegible] referred to the *judicium crucis.* [illegible] produced a perſon, who, during the celebration of Maſs, ſtood before the croſs with his arms expanded; and he whoſe repreſentative firſt became weary and altered his poſture, loſt the cauſe. The perſon employed by the biſhop on this occaſion had leſs ſtrength or leſs ſpirit than his adverſary, and the queſtion was decided in favor of the abbot."

Thus imperfectly were the rights of man underſtood in this age of bigotry and fanaticiſm. Well might the amateurs of ſcience and juſtice have exclaimed, *O tempora! O mores!* Y.

To READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor would inform the public that he has but lately undertaken the management of the TABLET. Duly ſenſible of his own inability, he earneſtly ſolicits the patronage of all literary gentlemen, knowing that by their aſſiſtance the preſent *infantile weakneſs* of the TABLET may aſſume the *ſtrength* and *vigour* of manhood.

Thoſe who are diſpoſed to criticiſe with partial ſeverity, or *condemn in the groſs*, will ever be deemed unworthy of notice. Candid remarks will be heard with pleaſure.

The communications of LOREN are received, and will meet with the attention they juſtly claim.

FOR THE TABLET.

THE MANIAC.

FAR in the windings of a woody vale,
Where ſcarce a chink lets through the weſtern gale;
Where ſcarce the ſun darts in a tim'rous ray,
And ſilv'ry ſtreams are never ſeen to play;
Cloſe by the mountain's ſide a cottage roſe,
Fit emblem of diſtreſs and lengthen'd woes.
There dwelt the wretched Maniac of the wood,
By deſperate fortune forc'd to ſeek his food,
In dreary wilds deſerted and alone,
Where beaſts of prey and ſavage monſters roam.
No partner of his toils or friend was nigh,
To ſhare his griefs or heave a tender ſigh;
No hope reviving voice of love was there,
No ſound of muſic floated in the air.
'Twas awful ſilence, ſave the wolfe's fierce howl,
And the lone hootings of the gloomy owl.
Here, day by day, from nature's ſimple ſtore,
He drew his mite, but never ſigh'd for more.
At fall of night he ſaught his humble cot,
And all the labours of the day forgot.
No viſions wild diſturb'd his peaceful reſt,
Compos'd, his features all his ſoul expreſs'd;
No fickle fancy floated in his mind,
He felt ſecure, in providence reſign'd.
No dreams of wealth e'er wander'd in his head,
No wizard ſpirits hover'd o'er his bed.
At peep of day when ſluggiſh mortals ſleep,
He roam'd the vale or clomb the ſcraggy ſteep
To ſee the foreſts caſt a pleaſing gloom,
And ſhabby heaths look gay in nature's bloom.—
Here live, dear Maniac, let the world paſs by,
Luſt not for power, for grandeur never ſigh;
For this world's goods "are trifling and decay,
And they who prize them trifling ſtill as they."
Where'er you walk cool gales ſhall fan the glade;
Trees where you ſit ſhall crowd into a ſhade.
Far from the buſtle, and the noiſe of life,
And the allurements of a world of ſtrife,
Contented paſs the remnant of thy days,
Live with thy God, nor ſeek for mortals' praiſe.

OZRO.

WARRINGTON ACADEMY.

MARK where its ſimple front yon manſion rears,
The nurſery of men for future years!
Here callow chiefs and embryo ſtateſmen lie,
And unfledg'd poets ſhort excurſions try;
Where Merſey's gentle current, which too long
By fame neglected, and unknown to ſong,
Between his ruſhy banks, (no poet's theme)
Had crept inglorious, like a vulgar ſtream,
Reflects th' aſcending ſeats with conſcious pride,
And dares to emulate a claſſic tide.
Soft muſic breathes along each op'ning ſhade,
And ſooths the daſhing of his rough caſcade.
With myſtic lines his ſands are figur'd o'er,
And circles trac'd upon the letter'd ſhore.
Beneath his willows rove th' inquiring youth,
And court the fair majeſtic form of truth.
Here nature opens all her ſecret ſprings,
And heav'n-born ſcience plumes her eagle-wings;
Too long had bigot rage, with malice ſwell'd,
Cruſh'd her ſtrong pinions, and her flight withheld;
Too long to check her ardent progreſs ſtrove:
So writhes the ſerpent round the bird of Jove;
Hangs on her flight, reſtrains her tow'ring wing,
Twiſts its dark folds, and points its venom'd ſting.
Yet ſtill (if aught aright the Muſe divine)
Her riſing pride ſhall mock the vain deſign;
On ſounding pinions yet aloft ſhall ſoar,
And thro' the azure deep unravell'd paths explore.
Where ſcience ſmiles, the Muſes join the train;
And gentleſt arts and pureſt manners reign.

How bright the ſcene to fancy's eye appears,
Through the long perſpective of diſtant years,
When this, this little group their country calls
From academic ſhades and learned halls,
To fix her laws, her ſpirit to ſuſtain,
And light up glory thro' her wide domain!
Their various taſtes in different arts diſplay'd,
Like temper'd harmony of light and ſhade,
With friendly union in one maſs ſhall blend,
And this adorn the ſtate, and that defend,
Theſe the ſequeſter'd ſhade ſhall cheaply pleaſe,
With learned labour, and inglorious eaſe:
While thoſe, impell'd by ſome reſiſtleſs force,
O'er ſeas & rocks ſhall urge their vent'rous courſe;
Rich fruits matur'd by glowing ſuns behold,
And China's groves of vegetable gold;
From every land the various harveſt ſpoil,
And bear the tribute to their native ſoil:
But tell each land (while every toil they ſhare,
Firm to ſuſtain, and reſolute to dare,)
MAN is the nobler growth our realms ſupply,
And SOULS are ripen'd in our northern ſky.

MRS. BARBAULD.

For the LITERARY TABLET.

A Tranſlation of an Ode from Horace.

I HAVE inſur'd a deathleſs name!
I've built a monument of fame,
More hard than braſs, and loftier far,
Than Egypt's towering columns are;
Which ever ſhall diſdain the ſhower,
And mock the north wind's furious power;
Untarniſh'd by the ruſt of time,
With graces ever recent ſhine.
While Prieſt's devotion ſhall inſpire;
While veſtals guard the ſacred fire;
While Rome's proud Capital ſhall ſtand;
My growing honors ſhall expand.
Where Aufidus obſtreperous roars;
His ſhallow tide where Daunus pours;
Enraptur'd with my tuneful lays,
They ſhall delight to ſound my praiſe.
I've triumph'd o'er my humble birth;
I've conquer'd by my ſterling worth;
The firſt who dar'd on Latium's plains,
To tune his lyre to lyric ſtrains!
Melpomene, no more decline,
Thy merits claim the taſk divine,
Aſſume that pride thou well may'ſt ſhow,
And on thy Bard, the wreath beſtow.

O. Z.

An ODE on EVENING—by Dr. JOHNSON.

After the manner of Anacreon.

Whoever can read the following lines unmoved muſt ſurely poſſeſs the ſoul of an anchoret.

Evening now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts ſhe brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead;
Cooling breezes ſhake the reed;
Shake the reed and curl the ſtream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the chequer'd lonely grove
Hears, and keeps thy ſecrets, love.
Stella, thither let us ſtray!
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car
Hence, my lovely Stella far.
In his ſtead the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that ſeems but juſt to ſhow
Breaſts that beat, and cheeks that glow:
Let us now, in whiſper'd joy,
Evening's ſilent hours employ;
Silence beſt and conſcious ſhades,
Pleaſe the hearts that love invades;
Other pleaſures give them pain;
Lovers all but love diſdain.

(Extracted by NIMBO.*)*

The PINE-APPLE and the BEE.

By Cowper.

THE pine apples in tripple row,
Were baſking hot and all in blow.
A bee of moſt diſcerning taſte
Perceiv'd the fragrance as he paſs'd,
On eager wing the ſpoiler came
Search'd for crannies in the frame,
Urg'd his attempt on ev'ry ſide,
To ev'ry pane his trunk apply'd,
But ſtill in vain, the frame was tight,
And only pervious to the light.
Thus having waſted half the day,
He wing'd his flight another way.
Methinks, I ſaid, in thee I find
The ſin and madneſs of mankind;
To joys forbidden man aſpires,
Conſumes his ſoul with vain deſires,
Folly the ſpring of his purſuit,
And diſappointment all the fruit.
While Cynthia ogles as ſhe paſſes
The nymph between two chariot glaſſes,
She is the pine-apple, and he
The ſilly unſucceſsful bee.
The maid who views with penſive air
The ſhow-glaſs fraught with glitt'ring ware,
Sees watches, bracelets, rings, and lockets,
But ſighs at thought of empty pockets,
Like thine, her appetite is keen,
But ah the cruel glaſs between!
Our dear delights are often ſuch,
Expos'd to view but not to touch;
The ſight our fooliſh heart inflames,
We long for pine-apples in frames,
With hopeleſs wiſh one looks and lingers,
One breaks the glaſs and cuts his fingers.
But they whom truth and wiſdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

A SONG

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

A SPRING o'erhung with many a flow'r,
The grey ſand dancing on its bed,
Embank'd beneath a hawthorn bow'r,
Sent forth its waters near my head:
A roſy laſs approach'd my view;
I caught her blue eye's modeſt beam;
The ſtranger nodded "how d' ye do!"
And leap'd acroſs the infant ſtream.

The water heedleſs paſs'd away:
With me her glowing image ſtaid;
I ſtrove, from that auſpicious day,
To meet and bleſs the lovely maid.
I met her where, beneath our feet,
Through downy moſs, the wild thyme grew;
Nor moſs elaſtic, flow'rs tho' ſweet,
Match'd Hannah's cheek of roſy hue.

I met her where the dark woods wave,
And ſhaded verdure ſkirts the plain;
And when the pale moon, riſing, gave
New glories to her cloudy train.
From her ſweet cot upon the moor
Our plighted vows to heav'n are flown;
Truth made me welcome at her door,
And Roſy Hannah is my own.

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